

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

A Happy New Year to All.

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



This is the Age of Chivalry, Says Dorothy Dix, but Man's Gallantry Not Yet Triumphant Over Filthy Lucre.

By DOROTHY DIX

A man who is violently opposed to woman suffrage has written me a letter in which he says that the reason women have to stand up in street cars is because they want to vote.



For men will never show any chivalry to women as long as women demand their rights. This is an ancient argument of the anti's, and it always strikes the funny bone of a person with any sense of humor. It is easy to answer it by pointing out that if women had the ballot it would not be necessary for men to give them their seats on the street cars, because the women could pass laws that would force the street car companies to put on enough cars to carry everybody comfortably. Instead of herding people together, as is now done, in cars that are packed worse than cattle cars.

It's rather a contradictory statement, isn't it? Plain, simple justice would give to women her rights, and chivalry is supposed to go a step beyond justice, and give to a woman something more than her rights—her rights with frills on them, so to speak. How absurd then to deny a woman who is honestly and justly coming to her, and then have the nerve to talk of chivalry in the same breath.

In reality there is nothing in the world so absurd, and so utterly untrue as the way people glorify the chivalry of the man of the past, and hold them up as models to the men of the present, who are accused of being brutal and ungentle to women. "Look how men treat women! Chivalry is dead," they cry.

Nonsense. Women were never treated so well in the whole history of the world as they are today. Men were never so truly knightly, and as for chivalry being dead, why, just any ordinary business man could make the whole of the round table look like pikers when it comes to showing true gallantry to a woman.

The chivalry of the past! Consider it, please. No woman could walk alone on the streets without danger of being insulted by every man she met. She had to be kept locked up in her father's house, as in a jail, to protect her. Now any decent, well-behaved girl, who will keep her eyes before her, can walk the city un molested at midnight, and travel from one end of the country to the other without receiving anything but kindness and consideration from every man she meets.

The chivalry of the past! It was so very tender to a female that it robbed her of every cent she had. A father left all of his money to his sons, with a vague understanding that they would look out for their sisters, which they generally failed to do. When a girl married every dollar of her property went to her husband, and he might drink it away, or throw it away, or spend it on other women. She had no control over a nickel of it, and couldn't help herself.

When it comes to a fight between money and the idealities, money is mighty apt to win out, and the gallantry of man hasn't been wholly able to triumph over the love of lucre yet. The married woman still gets a cold deal about her property in most of the states, but men are getting more and more gallant all the time, and every year better property laws for women are enacted.

It is significant to note in this connection that in the south, where men have the reputation of being the most gallant, the laws for women are the worst, and bear the hardest on them. In Louisiana and Texas, for instance, a married woman is nothing but a chattel, and her husband owns even her clothes. If she is a wage earning woman he can collect her salary and spend it as he pleases, and if she owns property she cannot even rent a house without taking to the agent a written permission from her husband.

In Tennessee a man takes full possession of his wife's property on the wedding day, and may spend it as he pleases, and if the wife applies for a divorce, no matter what the husband has done, the court will only allow her what it sees fit out of her own property.

Now, it takes the real genuine, bona fide brand of chivalry to make a man willing to legislate himself out of a soft snap, yet the modern man has proved his gallantry by doing this very thing and passing laws that give women their own rights to their own property.

Men have also shown their gallantry by opening up the doors of gainful occupations to women, so that a girl can make a living for herself if she needs to instead of being forced into the legalized harlotry of unloving marriage, which was the only way a poor woman had of avoiding starvation in the past.

Daffydils LIPS THAT TOUCH SHNAPPS, SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE.

THE POET WAS WOOING THE MUSE ON THE BANKS OF CRIMSON LAKE. IDLY HE RESTED HIS BACK AGAINST THE TREE TRUNK, PUFFING INDOLENTLY AT HIS MEERSCHAUM. EVER AND ANON HE JOTTED DOWN NOTES. THE LAKE SHIMMERED IN THE EARLY SUMMER SUNLIGHT, RIPPLING IRIDESCENTLY, AS IT WERE. "AH! A THOUGHT," HE SIGHED SOULFULLY. "IF SOME FROGS ATE POISONOUS TOADSTOOLS, WOULD THEY CROAK?"

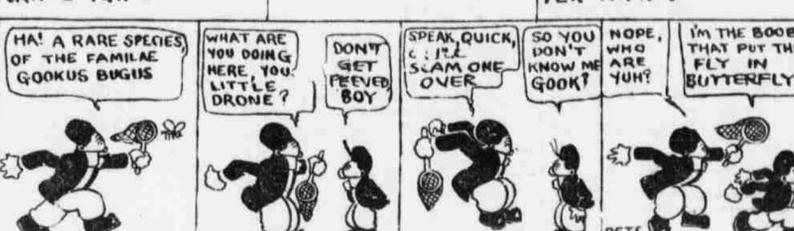
THE STEEPLE UPON WHICH THE JACK WAS WORKING BEGAN TO TOTTER, AND SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING, BOTH STEEPLE AND JACK DID A BRODY. THE JACK WAS FAST BECOMING A HERO. AS HE PASSED THE STEENTH FLOOR, ON HIS DOWNWARD WAY, HE YELLED TO A STENOGRAPHER AT ONE OF THE WINDOWS. "IF A SPANISH FISHERMAN WENT FISHING, WOULD HE CASTANET?"

THEY WERE SITTING ALONE ON THE PORCH, HIS ARM GOING TO WAIST. HE WAS GOING SOFT NIXES INTO HER 13 INCH SILK LIKE EAR. AFTER HE HAD EXHAUSTED HIS STOCK OF ADJECTIVES DESCRIBING HER, HE POPPED THE QUESTION. STICKING HER THUMB BETWEEN HER ROSEBUD LIPS, SHE TOLD HIM TO READ HIS ANSWER FROM THE STARS. SLANTING AT THE STARS, HE SAW THE STARS FORM. "IF A JACKIE ON A BATTLE SHIP WAS PROMISED PROMOTION FOR A BRAVE ACT, WOULD THE TARGET IT?"

ABIE, TOIN ON DE GREEN LIGHTS, DE CHENTLEMAN VANTS A GREEN SUIT.

DON'T PUNCH HIM, HE AIN'T NOTRANSFER.

SLIP US YER FIN, KID, YER AWRIGHT.



Mason and Slidell

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was fifty-one years ago—January 2, 1862—that Mason and Slidell, the Confederate Commissioners just released by the Federal authorities, sailed for Europe.

The "Trent Affair," one of the most critical in which the United States Government was involved during the Civil War, will always stand associated with the queerest and smartest piece of diplomatic juggling known in history. On the eighth day of November, 1861, John Slidell and James M. Mason, diplomatic agents of the Confederate States to England and France, were on board the British merchant ship Trent on their way from Havana to Liverpool, when they were held up by Captain Wilkes, of the United States war vessel San Jacinto, forcibly taken from the Trent, returned to the United States and delivered up to the Government authorities at Boston, by whom they were imprisoned in Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor.

He demanded an immediate release of the British Government got "busy," furiously resented the "insult" and through-going "apology," with the release of the imprisoned Commissioners. Secretary Seward realized that he was in a bad fix. He knew perfectly well that the people of the United States were "frame of mind for an apology to England, and yet he felt, and could not help feeling, that something bordering pretty close on an apology was not due, but enviable.

Wilkes had blundered, and blundered badly, in taking the commissioners from the Trent, and some sort of acknowledgment of the fact had to be made. Not only so, but a war with England, at that time was a thing not to be thought of. The hope of the north lay, and with reason, in the blockade. If the southern ports could be kept sealed up, thus preventing exports and imports, the southern cause must ultimately die of sheer inanition; but with the British navy to contend with how would it be possible to maintain the blockade? All of these things Seward had to think of—and govern himself accordingly. How well he performed his most difficult task all the world knows. It was perhaps the

cleverest piece of diplomacy that the world has even seen. With the greatest statesman and most skilful diplomat of Europe pitted against him, Seward accomplished the seemingly impossible task of apologizing without apologizing, and surrendering without surrendering.

With the tact that would have put Metetrnich, Talleyrand, or even Machiavelli himself to the blush, Seward played his game of "thimble-dig" so perfectly that he was able to satisfy both sides of the controversy, and that without lowering his country's flag an inch in any way compromising its dignity or honor.

Lord Lyons was satisfied, the British people were satisfied, the people of the north were pleased, and pleased also were even the southern people, for their commissioners, graciously released by Seward, were soon on their way to perform their duties as the confederacy's agents in Europe.

Grows Beautiful, Heavy Hair, We Prove It—25 cent "Danderine"

Destroys dandruff—Stops falling hair—Cleans and invigorates your scalp—Delightful dressing.

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine. It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance; freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower; destroyer of dandruff and curer for itchy scalp and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

Easy to Make a Flat More Cosy

New York Homes Good, but Not to Live In

By ADA PATTERSON.

The trouble with New York homes is that they do not seem to be places to live in, but points of departure. One feels as she looks at one of the drawing or living rooms that this is a place for saying: "How do you do?" and "good-bye." That is all.

Tall and slender, with a head that suggested a brunette Mary Anderson, is the young woman who, in a soft voice and with a smile, uttered this criticism, for Mrs. Emmott Buel, a cousin and protegee of Frederick Townsend Martin, shares his accomplishment of speaking a disagreeable truth in a agreeable way.

My study of the theory and practice of tasteful househould furnishing led me first to the conclusion—good news to all of us—that there is no great expense in furnishing a home. As good looks are now cheap and good pictures are inexpensive, so furnishings that will make a home restful and comfortable are cheap and within our reach. They are cheaper than of the awful things we see in houses whose owners give much money, but little thought to their homes. That truth came to me while I was staying at our summer home in North Carolina. We have an island down there and I had gone down with little knowledge of what the house needed. I found it breezy and spacious and delightful in most respects, but we needed curtains, and at once I rowed to the mainland and went to the nearest village to find something.

I chanced upon some heavy material that at first looked impossible because the colors were so violent. But as I happened to turn the goods in my hand I saw that the wrong side was soft and beautiful. I bought them, bought some cheesecloth to cover the violent right side and had them hung. Every visitor I had at my island home spoke of the soft beauty of the curtains. Yet they cost me ten cents a yard.

I am just back from a visit to Mrs. Conley Thaw. Her house, one of the handsomest in Washington, has been done over handsomely and without regard to expense, but because she liked its softening effect she placed at every window what looks like a soft yellow veil that colors the light exquisitely as it falls. Yet these curtains are of scrim and cost 30 cents a yard. I tell you these details with them. The man who talks about women killing chivalry by demanding their rights doesn't know what the word chivalry means. It means more than giving a woman a seat in a street car. Give us the ballot and we'll attend to the street car business ourselves. And we'll see that you get a seat that you don't have to give up to anybody.



MRS. EMMOTT BUEL.

has placed only what is necessary, following the rule that everything must have its use. In one corner is a tiny combination table and desk. There is a small lounge covered with a chintz slip and only a few cushions.

"Too many cushions give a room a crowded appearance. There is one upholstered chair covered with chintz and two small, straight-backed chairs of black wicker, the wicker gored all the way, down to the floor. And because she

loves music, her piano is in the room. If she doesn't it would have been well to leave it out, for use is what justifies the presence of anything in a room.

"As I go about in New York homes I am moved, not to put things into them, but to take things out. People are so afraid of spaces, and yet space is beauty. Look at the spaces of sea and plain and think what emotion of sublimity the sight creates! Don't be afraid of empty spaces. They make a room look larger and make it what a home should be, so furnished as to indicate a place of rest."

"The right way to furnish a home is to begin with only the most essential things. If you begin by trying to furnish completely your place, this piece of furniture here and that object there, you will change them about in a week and your state of mind will be one of discontent."

"But if you put three or four pieces in your living room, and two or three in your bedroom, you will learn while living in the rooms what you need, and you can make or buy it with good judgment. One of the best dressing tables I ever had was made from an old kitchen table. I am in favor of the bedroom so plainly furnished that it is like a cell. It is so hard to wake in the morning that one should try to awake in a charming room. I believe in drapesties, but I believe in dusting and washing them."

"Bureaus are going out of date. A good many houses do not have them. A dressing table takes less room and may have a multitude of drawers.

"I have a strong liking for mirrors in

a dining room, instead of the atrocious pictures of corpses of girls and animals we have been seeing so many years and have thought an insuperable part of a dining room.

"If one has a den or library, or any room where books are, the best effect are gotten by letting the book bindings furnish the color. Light mulberry walls and dark furniture not too heavy, with the variegated colors of the books, should make the room attractive."

"A bedroom should be the most charming, a dining room the most cheerful, a library or den the most restful, and a living room the most used and useful room in a house. There should be as little in a room as you can get in comfortably without. A room that is cluttered is hateful."

The woman, who is said to have the best taste in her set, smiled again and flung a few "don'ts" at me, while a group of smart folk, seated in the foyer, clamored good humoredly for the tea she had promised them in her studio.

"Don't clutter your home," she said. "Don't be afraid of empty spaces. They are elegant and essential. "Don't choke your windows any more than you would your lungs. I saw heavy coverings on the windows of a Fifth avenue home today."

"Don't be afraid to copy the Chinese. They know more about colors than any other nation in the world.

"Don't have a awful game and fruit pieces in your dining room. Mirrors or family portraits are better."

Are You FAT?

I Was ONCE I Reduced MYSELF

I was Fat, Uncomfortable, Labeled Old, Fat, Miserable, suffered with Rheumatism, Asthma, Neuralgia, Blister medicine, walked, I pulled like a Porcupine. I took every dieted meal, I could find. I Starved, Sweated, Exercised, fasted and changed climate but I gained no weight. I felt like an invalid but steadily gained weight. There was not a single pain or drug that I heard of that I did not try. I failed to reduce my weight. I dropped society, as I did not care to be the butt of all the jokes. It was embarrassing to have my friends tell me "I was getting fatter," as no one knew it better than myself.

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE

I began to study the cause of FAT. When I discovered the cause I found the remedy. The French Method gave me an instant improvement on that. I removed the objectionable features, and I gained more weight, and I tried my plan on myself for a week. It worked like Magic. I could have sworn I was a ghost.

SORBERED WITH JOY

at the end of the first week when the scales told me I had lost ten pounds by my simple, easy, harmless, Druggless Method. It was a pleasure then to continue until I regained my normal self in size. I felt fifteen years younger. I had lost my extra pounds. My Double Chin had entirely disappeared. I was now a normal in size. I had a new life. I was now a normal in size. I had a new life. I was now a normal in size. I had a new life.

Just send your name and address. A Postal Card will do and I'll be glad to send it so that you can quickly learn how to reduce yourself and to be as happy as I am. Write today as this advertisement does not appear again in this paper.